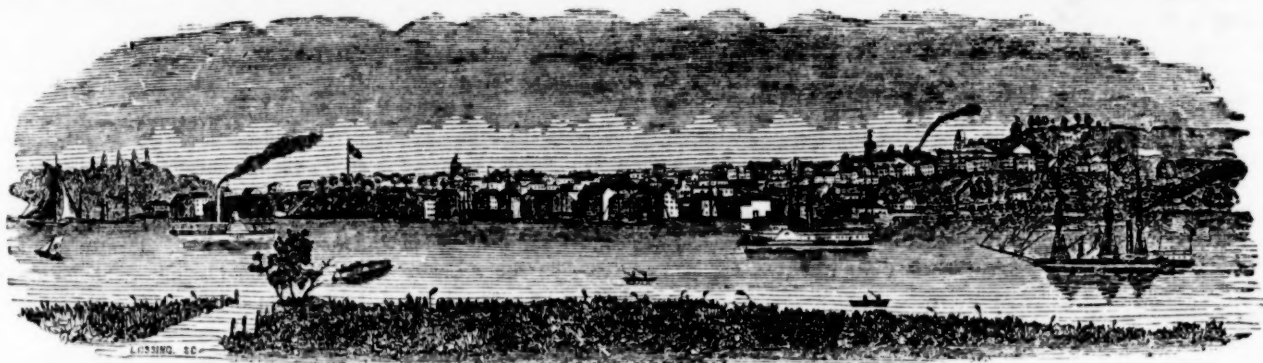


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

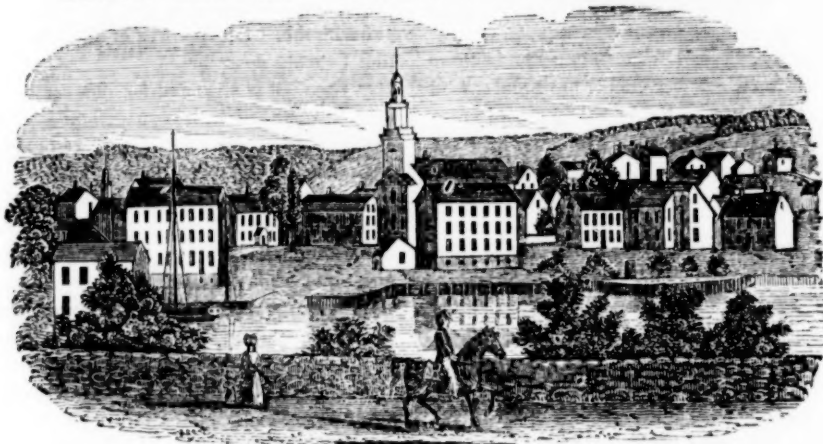
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

NUMBER 3.

SOUTH-WESTERN VIEW OF MANCHESTER, MASS.



The above shows the appearance of Manchester village as it is entered from the south-west upon the Beverly road. Coasters from 60 to 70 tons burthen can come up to this village, which consists of upwards of eighty dwelling-houses, built compactly together. Distance, 7 miles from Gloucester, 9 from Salem, and 23 from Boston.

Manchester was once known by the name of *Jeffrey's Creek*, and formed a part of Salem. Upon the petition of several of the inhabitants it was incorporated, in 1645, by its present name. The surface of the township is rocky and uneven, and in many places is covered with extensive forests. Here is found the *Magnolia*, a low tree, bearing many beautiful and sweet-scented flowers. Here is a variety of soil, which is in a good state of culture. The fishing business was commenced at this place at a very early period, but of late years this business has somewhat declined. Some of the most enterprising ship-masters of Boston and vicinity are natives of this town. There is about 1000 tons of shipping employed. The vessels are of small size. The depth of water will not allow vessels exceeding 120 tons to come up to the town. The harbor is good, and affords anchorage for vessels of any size. There is a Congregational society here, which was gathered in 1716, under the ministry of the Rev. Amos Cheever. Before this year no church records of Manchester are found. The Universal-

ists have a small society, which was organized in 1820. The business of making cabinet furniture is carried on here with great activity, employing 150 men or more. In 1837 there were 12 manufactories of chairs and cabinet ware; value of articles manufactured, \$84,500; hands employed, 120. There were 14 vessels employed in the cod and mackerel fishery, employing 65 hands. Population, 1,316.

TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE MUTE DOCTOR,

OR THE

MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION—BY M. L. S.

CHAPTER VI.

Death—the Stolen Interview—the Friend—the Soliloquy.

Six weeks had passed since the words of the remorseless deceiver had fallen with a crushing weight on Malcen's soul, and yet her physician, who remained as much as possible, and Mrs. Ellerton and Ruth, who constantly watched by her bed, perceived no change in her, save a gradual sinking of the eyes, an increasing palor of the countenance and the clear deathly transparency which the hands assumed. Sometimes she would

laugh convulsively, again weep fountains of scalding tears, and then for days her lips would give forth only a low continued moan, revealing too plainly the broken heart.

The darkened room, the careful tread, the table covered with the choicest luxuries to tempt the sickly appetite—all showed how truly the dying girl was loved and how tenderly she was nursed. It was the physician's opinion that she might live many weeks but could not recover. Her parents were therefore summoned to return immediately to their only child from whom they had separated with extreme sorrow, at her request, being too timid and too frail to encounter the fatigues and dangers which they anticipated.

One lovely afternoon near the close of March, as Mrs. Ellerton sat by the sick and now greatly emaciated girl, holding her hands in one of her own and soothingly bathing her temples. Malcen suddenly opened her eyes and looked about with an expression of momentary relief, as if just awakening from a protracted and horrid dream. For the first time she seemed conscious of her suffering and of the presence of her friend.

The agitation of her features subsided, her eyes became brilliant and clear, and to those unacquainted with death, these would have been the harbingers of returning health. Mrs. Ellerton had been apprised of the probability of these symptoms as dissolution approached; she was not therefore deceived by them. With a firmness which surprised herself—she resolved to remain alone beside the dying girl, and endeavor in this lucid interval to draw from her the cause of her suffering.

"Malcen, my child," said she tenderly kissing the pale cheek beautiful even now, "I have one question to ask you, will you summon strength to answer me?"

"I will try," she replied feebly, "but first tell me is this death? Do not deceive me."

"I will not deceive you, Malcen. You have suffered intensely, you will soon be released and seek a purer clime. Are you not happy in the thought?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied with a slight degree of animation, which Mrs. E. gently repressed, fearful that her strength would fail ere she had revealed what she so much wished to know, for she dreaded to stand again in the presence of Malcen's parents.

unable to give them the cause of her sudden illness and death.

"My dear Mrs. Ellerton," said the sweet sufferer, "raise me in your arms and I will tell you all. But first go to my writing desk and get a note addressed to me, lying by itself, and—" she hesitated as if trying in vain to recall something.

"Is it another letter that you wish?" asked Mrs. E. tenderly.

The sick girl replied by a look and her friend immediately brought both.

"Read the note first," said Maleen.

When it was perused, Mrs. Ellerton said quietly,

"Did you love him?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied with animation, "and though I would have blushed then to have said so to you, yet now I have no secrets. I wrote him that I loved him. Oh! could you know how happy I was on that night, and then my mother came and clasped me in her arms and blessed me."

"Your mother! what do you mean my child?"

"It was my mother. I knelt before her portrait to ask her blessing as I have always done at night. Suddenly the light grew dim, her eyes brightened, a sweet smile played around her mouth, her arms were extended and she clasped me to her bosom."

"Was it not your excited imagination?"

"Oh, no! I have seen her since, but not here. I have been far away and she is now waiting for me."

"But tell me what happened after you wrote to Dr. Boyd?"

Maleen silently gave his letter to her friend, then closing her eyes she seemed relapsing into her previous stupor.

"How great have been your sufferings, my poor child," said Mrs. Ellerton, laying down the letter when she had perused it and bending anxiously over Maleen.—She saw clearly that a change had taken place, and the tears gathered in her eyes and fell upon the hand of the young girl. This aroused her. She spoke, though it was evidently a last effort. Mrs. E. bent over that she might catch every sound.

"I have one favor to ask. When I am gone, take from my wallet the present my father sent upon my birth-day, enclose it in a note and give it to him. It will do something towards consummating his happiness. Tell him that it was my last earthly wish that life might be to him and to her he so dearly loves, one continued scene of joy."

Mrs. Ellerton promised to perform all faithfully.

"Have you no message for your mother—your father, who will weep tears of bitterness beside your grave?"

"My mother is in heaven: I told you so," replied Maleen, in a tone as firm as her feebleness would permit. "She will often rejoice but never more weep over me. Comfort my father; he will indeed be lonely."

Again her eyes closed heavily and she breathed with difficulty. Mrs. Ellerton hastily rang and in a moment Ruth was beside her.

The dying girl raised her hands to clasp those of her friend and nurse, but it was evident that she could not see, and murmuring "Mother, I come, I come," the freed spirit deserted its frail tenement.

Many tears were shed beside the remains of the gentle and loving Maleen.

Mrs. Ellerton preserved the letters; they were afterwards of some use.

On the same afternoon that witnessed the death of the pure-hearted Maleen, there might have been seen, in a distant and less populous part of the city, a genteel stranger enter a very ordinary looking boarding-house, pass two flights of stairs and enter a room upon the right. This was small but comfortably furnished and the furniture was new. A fire burned in the grate. A table near it contained a few books and papers, the bed in the corner was enclosed in white curtains and the floor was covered with a coarse carpet.

The appearance of the man who entered bore no resemblance to the apartment. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and moved with an easy grace which is seldom acquired among the lower classes, tasked as they are with labor so severe and unremitting that little leisure or disposition remain for the cultivation of grace and refinement.

The gentleman anxiously watched at the window which gave a view of the street, and a smile of triumph illumined his countenance as a carriage stopped at the house, a lady, tall, but of slight figure descended from it muffled in hoods and furs, and speaking a moment with the coachman, entered the building. Lightly ascending the stairs, she paused at the door of the room alluded to, and was clasped in the stranger's arms.

"Once more, dearest Bella," sighed he in those peculiar accents which went to her heart and caused the rich blood to mount to her cheeks and brow. The sudden crimson passed as quickly away.—The lady threw aside her mufflers and the lover doubly locked the door. Both drew to the fire, and he placed for her the only easy chair in the room.

"How pale you are, Bella," said the doctor, "pray tell me the cause. A matrimonial lecture?"

A cold shudder shook her frame. She raised her eyes to his, and in a low, hoarse tone, said,

"Maleen is dying—really dying."

A murmur of affected surprise escaped the lips of her companion.

"And yet you anticipated it?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes—yes—but notwithstanding that the reality makes me shudder; and yet no one can accuse me of murder—I did not kill her," exclaimed she wildly.

"Peace, peace my foolish Bella," said her lover soothingly, "no one knows aught of the matter save ourselves. I am truly sorry that she possessed so sensitive a temperament. But doubtless she will be far happier there than here," continued he, with a sanctified tone and look. "But let us leave speaking of her and arrange our plans for the future. Many reasons render it impossible for me to remain in Boston much longer and I shall never again dare to present myself here under similar circumstances. I sometimes fancy that even now, in spite of all our precautions, your husband's suspicions are aroused."

"I think not," replied the lady carelessly, for her thoughts were still with the dying girl; then perceiving that her lover noticed her abstraction, she added,

"I have treated him with more tenderness than ever, for a few weeks purposely to blind him to the fact. Oh! how horribly odious to me to smile upon and suffer myself to be caressed by him—to profess to love when I do loath him."

"And will the love which you now profess for me never change?" he asked with apparent tenderness, at the same time giving her a searching glance.

"Oh, no!" she replied, laying her head upon his shoulder, "it is the only passion of my life, and must therefore be enduring. Do you not see that it is wearing upon me to keep it so buried in the depths of my heart?"

"I see it! I know it!" he replied anxiously, "and for your sake especially, I would urge our sudden departure."

"Our departure," she repeated with a sadder start; then recovering herself she said smiling sadly, "Yes, we will go to my own sunny clime, and never more behold this hateful land. But my boy! God bless him. I must part with him forever. It would be impossible for me to leave little Ini behind; my life would be desolate even with you."

A strong shade of dissatisfaction passed over the countenance of Dr. Boyd, but he forced it away almost instantly, and remarked with a good grace,

"Certainly, Ini must go with us? she will be an additional bond for us. Have you made arrangements with your husband for your intended journey?"

"I mentioned to him, that I should visit my friends in New-York and Philadelphia before the warm weather comes on and that I wish to take Ini with me. He approves of all and even desires that I should do so."

"Then all is arranged for our complete happiness," exclaimed the lover in delight at his success, folding the light and graceful figure of the lady, in his arms.

In two hours the carriage returned, and the lady again entered it. Now there was a flush upon her cheek, and her thoughts rested not on the dying girl, who, while she was basking in her lover's smiles, had experienced the last agonized plunge of death's arrow, which he through her influence, had planted in her young and guileless heart.

That evening Bella sat by her husband, in their own room.

"She was too young and beautiful to die," said he, alluding to Maleen; "I never see one such, stricken by death but I feel disposed to question for an instant the wisdom of the arrangement which leaves so many suffering here, who would gladly sleep their last sleep. She was indeed a lovely flower, but she now adorns a fairer garden. Her parents will bitterly mourn her death," and he heaved a deep sigh, for her father was his friend.

Mrs. Gastone replied not and though she endeavored to remain tranquil, there was evidently an internal agitation.

Upon the same evening, a far different scene occurred in one of the rooms of a small and crowded house in the city of New-York. The walls were bare and in many places upon them the dampness stood in great drops. The room was intensely cold, for the fire had been long extinguished in the grate. A bed of straw lay upon the floor in one corner of the room, and upon it, a pale and emaciated woman, worn down by sickness and sorrow; yet no complaint escaped her lips. A thin shawl was the only covering and even this, she at length drew from herself and wrapt about the shoulders of a child who sat upon the edge of the straw, shrunk and purple with cold, and mourning piteously for bread.

Two days had passed since Mrs. Lawrence and her child had tasted food. The room contained no article of furniture except an old tin pail, in which

they procured water and from it they drank sparingly.

"Take courage dear Hetty," said the mother in a feeble tone, "Serlo will soon return, and then I trust we shall have one more comfortable night. God only knows what the morrow may bring."

It was strange to hear words of comfort from one so deeply suffering; but Mrs. Lawrence had a courageous and hopeful spirit, and notwithstanding these hours of strong temptation to murmur, she still retained her firmness and comforted her children.

Serlo had gone out to dispose of their last blanket and procure in return some food and coal. He entered at this moment with the articles expected. From a neighboring room he begged a match, and in a few moments a comfortable fire burned in the grate. Then drawing from the basket three small cakes of bread, he presented one to each. Mrs. Lawrence returned hers saying that she was too ill to eat. The bread was quickly devoured by the half-famished children. They had drawn the straw close to the fire, and now lay beside their mother, hoping to catch a little warmth. The dampness of the room rendered this almost impossible, but they soon slept soundly in spite of all. The stout-hearted woman, who had struggled so long and wearily, again to look on the husband of her youth, now wept in silence.

She had procured sewing upon their arrival in the city, but ill health rendering it impossible for her to do it at the time appointed: it was at length taken from her, and they had thus been reduced to absolute want. It had been a severe winter to her and she had been obliged to assume an air of cheerfulness to restrain the bold spirit of Serlo, who would have resorted to any measures, sooner than have seen his mother suffer thus. Hitherto he had yielded to her, but his efforts to procure work for himself were unfruitful.

The hours of this night dragged slowly on. At early dawn she sent Serlo forth, with an injunction to call at every house—to obtain work if possible—at least to beg some food. At ten he returned and setting down a basket of provisions, exclaimed, "that a kind man would soon visit them, and perhaps employ him."—The stranger at this moment entered the apartment.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, gazing long and earnestly into the face of the sick woman, as she raised herself upon her elbow, "do I not behold Mrs. Lawrence of ———, in the western part of the State?"

"I am indeed that unfortunate woman, and if I mistake not greatly, you were formerly my husband's head clerk. Eight years have somewhat changed you, but there is still the full high forehead and clear mild eye, that you then possessed. You see the extent of our misery," and she threw a glance around the room.—The fire was again exhausted and all were shivering with the cold.

Mr. Peterson sent the boy for more coal, and himself stepped out and soon returned with a bottle of wine and two thick heavy blankets.

"These," said he, "will keep you alive a short time and in a few hours, there shall be some permanent change for your relief. Oh! that I had sooner known you were here."

"Did I not tell you so?" said the poor woman almost beside herself with joy as the benevolent man closed the door, "it is not well to despair, help always comes when we most need it," and she wept tears of unfeigned gratitude.

Mr. Peterson had known Mrs. Lawrence in the days of her highest prosperity.—Accustomed to see her surrounded by every luxury which wealth could bestow, her present miserable destitution affected him the more seriously from the contrast. In a few hours he returned with an easy carriage and clothing for all. He took Mrs. Lawrence to a private hospital under the superintendence of the excellent Dr. Mason, and requested that no expense should be spared for her complete recovery. Leaving Hetty by her mother's side, he took Serlo to his store as errand boy. Many pleasant hours did the benevolent man spend beside the high-minded and intelligent woman, listening to the story of her wrongs, her sorrows and her endurance. "I will be to you a friend so long as you permit me," said he taking her thin white hand in his own, "and I have one at home, young and beautiful as you once were, who will be to you a sister. I would have taken you to her at once, but I knew your recovery would be much hastened here and when again restored, you shall have a house by yourself or share ours as you prefer."

She could only press his hand in silence.

On the same afternoon that Mrs. Lawrence was conveyed to the hospital by the friend of her happier days, her husband received from Mrs. Ellerton the following note, enclosed with a check for one thousand dollars, in a sealed letter.

"In obedience to the request of our dearly loved and much lamented Maleen, I present you this.—She begged that you would use the enclosed for the consummation of your own happiness and that of the lady of your youthful love. *She too, loved you to the last*, and with her dying breath besought heaven's blessings upon you."

The Doctor sat in his own room in a distant and obscure part of the city when he read this note. Crushing it in his hand, he exclaimed, "My happiness! yes—yes—I am indeed a lucky fellow. Who but myself would receive such a present from a pretty girl who was fool enough to die for him? Well—well—thank heaven I have no such predilections. Hang me there's nothing about my heart that will kill me; it is as hard as a millstone."

"But all this must be a secret from Bella. I trust that her miserly husband will rig her well with money for her anticipated journey."

"I propose to live upon her money, instead of giving her mine, though she doubtless understands it differently. But no matter all will be revealed in due time."

"I wonder if the huge officer has done searching for me yet? True I have not paid for the beautiful suit which adorns my person, neither will I, unless I be compelled, which I don't intend. The world owes every man a living and it is his own fault if he fails of getting it."

CHAPTER VII.

The Surprise.

It was a lovely twilight in the beginning of May, Nature was again reviving the foliage after its long dull sleep and those persons in cities who had leisure for ought save the daily press of business, or gaining an immediate subsistence, longed on this evening, for the fresh, unpolluted breezes and early flowers of the country. Mrs. Gastone was one of these; she had always hated the city with its eternal ceremonies its walls of brick and mimic gardens and now more than ever, she sighed for the unclouded skies, the warm airs which never chill one

to the heart, and the wild perpetual music of her father land. Often had she endeavored to persuade her husband to visit Italy, but business—that great bore—was a continual impediment. Now indeed, she hoped, expected to actualize the dreams of her childhood.

"A devoted lover, who will never weary of kindness to me, a home in that land of romance, with my beautiful Ini beside me."

Such were some of her thoughts as she walked with the hands of her children clasped in her own; but overclouding all this anticipated joy, there was present wretchedness, for she walked with them for the last time.

On the following day she was to bid adieu to her son. "What would he say in after life to this desertion? How would she yearn to clasp him to her bosom?"

One moment she hesitated, almost resolved to retract her engagement and remain faithful to her duties. This was, however, but a passing struggle of her maternal affection. Was she not already guilty? Had she not sinned in thought and intention? Passion once more resumed its sway and she smiled contemptuously at the recollection of her sudden scruples.

The next day at ten Mr. Gastone placed his wife with Ini, in a steamboat plying between Boston and New-York. Expressing many sincere wishes and anxieties for the safety and pleasure of their journey he pressed her hand, kissed the rosy lips of his child and bade them good morning.

On leaving the boat he met Dr. Boyd, and was surprised to learn, that news which he had that morning received from New-York, compelled him to go there without delay. Mr. Gastone expressed by significant signs, his pleasure at the occurrence, at the same time remarking to his wife the satisfaction he felt in commending her to the kindness of so perfect a gentleman. They parted.

Dr. Boyd seated himself beside his lady, and pressing her hand in his gave her one of those earnest looks which kindled the fires of passion in her soul, and at once removed every regret which her departure had occasioned.

Mr. Gastone had remarked the unusual quantity of baggage which his wife had sent to the boat, and smiling at what he termed woman's vanity in carrying about such a quantity of clothing, at once forgot about it.

Strange as it may appear it was nevertheless true, that Dr. Boyd had remained nearly six months in the house of Mrs. Ellerton, solely to complete his love affair with Mrs. Gastone, and yet so perfectly had every particular been managed that all had been deceived; not even a suspicion had been awakened by the fact of their leaving town together, so naturally had it been accounted for by Mr. Gastone.

The absence of Mrs. Gastone had been limited to six weeks, previously to her departure. Four of them had already expired and the non-arrival of any intelligence respecting her safety and health, began to create much anxiety in his mind. He was about to write to her, to the care of her friends in Philadelphia, when he received from Dr. Boyd a note sealed with black, and written in a wretched hand. After many lamentations, he proceeded to communicate the death of Mrs. Gastone, by a most unfortunate accident. Their arrival in New York had been safe and pleasant. The day following, a few of his friends had agreed upon a short sail, and

Mrs. G. had been invited and accepted the invitation. A sudden squall arose, their boat was upset, and she with one other lady was drowned. He spoke of his incredible exertions to save her, the exposure of which, had caused him a fever; delirium succeeded, and this letter was the first effort of his returning health. He trusted that Mr. Gastone would attach no blame to him, and hoped a few weeks would enable him to express his sympathy in person.

Upon the reception of this note, Mr. Gastone was at first overwhelmed, but by degrees a suspicion crept into his mind; he could not account for it, but he felt no sorrow, such as the actual death of his wife would have produced—in fact, *he did not believe it*. He was surprised that all at once a doubt of the truthfulness of his friend should arise, and fix itself in his mind, but so it was. In truth he believed his wife and child still lived. At all events he was resolved to know the truth.

He spoke to no one of the reception or contents of the letter, but arranging his business so that it would not suffer from his absence, and committing Leon to the charge of the faithful Catherine, he departed for New York.

Establishing himself in one of the principal boarding-houses, he mingled constantly with the world, to meet if possible, the individual, who he now believed had either seduced his wife, or murdered and secreted her. At all events, he sought to learn the reality. Meanwhile, he learned from Mrs. Ellerton, that Dr. Boyd had not returned, and that he had left behind various unsettled debts.

Months passed. Mr. Gastone had endured all the horrors of suspense, still he remained undiscouraged. He could readily forgive the man the various sums of money he had borrowed from him, but for the abduction of his wife and child, he would pursue him so long as life permitted. He loved his wife in spite of her changeable moods, and idolized his child. Singular indeed, must have been the occasion to have drawn tears from the eyes of that stern man, but now, in midnight's lonely hour, he wept for the desolation about him, and in the anticipation of many miseries which he feared had befallen the loved, absent ones. He grew thin and pale, his appetite failed, his spirits were forced, and he moved through the streets mechanically, casting upon every man an eagle glance. Many, in passing shrunk from him, for there was wildness—almost insanity in the rapidity with which he walked.

One day, when glancing restlessly about as usual he met the long sought individual face to face. Dr. Boyd could not escape, but assuming his old winning and gracious smile, extended his hand with much cordiality, exclaiming,

"Happy to see you my dear Gastone; you perceive I articulate now; a terrible operation, sir, but I can speak quite well—was a little awkward at first though—but how are you?—recovered the loss of your lady—sad, sad event truly—I perceive it has afflicted you—but don't let me detain you, sir—business before pleasure—excuse me sir," and was proceeding up the street when he found himself detained.

So rapidly had this stream of words flowed from the lips of the lately silent doctor, that Mr. Gastone stood petrified for an instant, till perceiving that this long desired opportunity was about to be lost, he caught Dr. Boyd by the arm, and said sternly,

"Stop, sir,—answer me truly—where are my wife and child?"

The Doctor assumed a look of astonishment.

"Your wife and child! did I not inform you that they were buried beneath the waves of the ocean?"

"And I tell you in return, that I do not believe it. They are alive and *you* know the place of their concealment; answer me!"

"My dear friend," replied Dr. Boyd, with his most gracious air, "it cannot be that you would charge a man of my honor with deceit, in so grave a matter. I might challenge you upon such an imputation; but I will not. I pity and pardon you. The loss of those you love has doubtless affected your judgement; from my soul I sympathise with you—but excuse me now—good morning."

Mr. Gastone again caught him and fixing upon him his sharp, penetrating eye, said,

"You shall not escape me thus. Many months have I sought this interview and I will not now be baffled by your hypocritical politeness. I tell you—nay, I swear to you that you *do* know the residence of my wife and child, if indeed you have not already murdered them. By the God who avenges such wrongs, you *shall* speak; if I cannot compel you, the law will."

Dr. Boyd was pale with rage but commanding himself replied coolly and with the same immovable urbanity, "Do you not see, my dear sir, that we are attracting much attention—a crowd will soon collect about us, and the effects may be unpleasant to you. If you are still unsatisfied, let us retire into this coffee house and deliberately adjust the matter."

Mr. Gastone, being nearest the door, turned to go in, and an instant after, looking back for his companion, he was out of sight. He comprehended at once the trick and its consequences. In his wrath he jostled every person he met, stamped upon the pavement and exclaimed, bitterly, "The curse of a broken-hearted and dishonored husband follow him!"

Upon Mr. Gastone's movement to go into the coffee house, Dr. Boyd quickly stepped into a narrow alley close by, and passing under the arch of a building, disappeared. Pausing a moment to ascertain if he was followed, he laughed heartily, muttering, "Well done Mr. Gastone. You thought to clinch me, but I have not played the rogue these fifteen years to be caught in so feeble a trap." Thus musing, he walked somewhat hastily and at last entered a large and handsome building in the western part of the city. Stepping into a side parlor, he exclaimed, "Well Bella, from whom do you think I have just parted?"

"Indeed I cannot think," she replied, "but if I may judge by your countenance, I should fancy it was some old friend."

"Old friend indeed! what would you say my dear, to a very social chat with your loyal and dignified husband?"

"My husband in this city?" cried she in terror.

"Oh! do not be alarmed, my love," he replied, with an air of insolence. "Do you think I shall allow him to approach you? Besides, he can have no means of knowing where you are; rest perfectly easy."

"Did you say sir, that my father is here?" asked a sweet child with blue eyes and a fair white skin.

"Shall I see him?"

"Hush! Ini," he replied roughly, "have I not often told you that I am your true father, and that you have of course no other?"

"I know it," continued the little girl quickly, "I mean the one I used to call father. I did love him for he was always kind to me. Tell me, mother, shall I not see him?"

"No—no, my child," replied Mrs. Gastone, "we do not wish to see him. He is a bad man." She could not pronounce this falsehood in the clear eye of her child without blushing deeply. Ini was dissatisfied and wished to converse longer but was restrained by the lowering brow of him she called "Father."

Dr. Boyd had brought Mrs. Gastone to this private boarding-house upon their entrance into the city, and as it was retired and they took their meals by themselves, she was well pleased. Their suite of rooms was amply furnished and she had not thus far felt the loss of those luxuries to which she had been accustomed. A piano and harp, a rose-wood book case neatly filled, a writing desk and table of the same material, with a few choice engravings, adorned a small room adjoining the parlor. This she called her study and in it she spent her happiest hours with her books, her music and little Ini. Mrs. Gastone did not pine for society, for she had never much enjoyed it; but she often desired some free, educated mind with whom she could hold intelligent conversations, and to her grief she had found that among her lover's varied attractions, this had no place.

She therefore sought, in the many hours which he daily spent abroad, to find satisfaction and employment in cultivating the expanding intellect of the beautiful child she had brought from its own home, and by this devotedness to atone in some measure for the wrongs she had done and was constantly doing.

An open door from the study, leading into the breakfast parlor, displayed a complete table service of solid silver, which had been Mr. Gastone's wedding gift to his wife. This, together with many other articles of real value, had caused her husband to remark the unusual bulk of her baggage. It was the discovery of the absence of the silver that confirmed his first suspicion respecting the true cause of her departure. Never did her eyes rest upon it without a slight sinking of the heart and a pang of remorse for having thus repaid his generosity to her.

These feelings, slight at first, had been much increased of late by the fact that her lover was often negligent of her happiness, was absent continually during day and often did not return till three or four in the morning. She had ventured to remonstrate with him, to which he had once replied, "You see, my dear, it would be bad enough to be tied to one's wife and obliged to keep regular hours; but when one does not indulge himself in that luxury, he should be allowed to select his own hours of recreation. I intend not to reproach you, but *you* of all others, will be the last to restrict one's freedom." He left the house humming a popular air, and as usual returned in a state of excitement having evidently drunk and played to excess.

Since that reply of Dr. Boyd which had caused her to weep, there had come to her many moments of bitter reflection, when she would say to herself, "No! truly, I am not his wife. I have been unfaithful—guilty. How can I speak to him of confidence—of trust? What binds us, but the passion that exists for him in my soul? But I complain not; it was my own choice. I voluntarily deserted my husband and would not willingly return."

Her lover had ever held out to her the probability of going finally to Italy—the land of her life-long dreams—but had wished to remain in the city during the summer. That had passed. It was now late in the autumn, and the days were short and gloomy. She reminded him of this promise still unfulfilled, but he now put her off decidedly though with tolerable kindness.

"It would cost much, Bella," he would reply, "to live there in the style which you would choose, and though I have wealth it is not always at my command; be patient and we will yet accomplish your wish, but not at present."

That one hope, so strong with her had gone far towards inducing her to desert her husband and now to be obliged to relinquish it was cruel; she had not anticipated this. These evils had come upon Mrs. Gastone so gradually that she felt not their full influence; indeed she could hardly be said to be unhappy; she was only sad at times—restless and unoccupied frequently. When therefore Dr. Boyd informed her of his meeting with her husband, she was for the first time positively wretched; she shuddered at the thought of his ascertaining her residence and forcing her to return with him.

At this moment the door gently opened and a young girl carrying a small flower-pot entered the room and begged for work or at least a night's shelter. We will search a little into the history of the child.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

HAPPINESS.

BY JOHN D. COLE.

If a person directs his attention to the aims of mankind, various as these appear to be, he will perceive one goal which all are striving to reach.

The pursuit of happiness is the common occupation of men: no matter how dissimilar may be their organization, or how widely removed their paths through life, they all concur in making happiness the universal *desideratum*.

This statement may appear at first view, but partially correct, still, if we analyze, the mainspring of human action, we shall perceive a power, incomprehensible yet uncontrollable, impelling man to follow its resistless dictates.

It is that power which impels the benevolent man to deprive himself of comfort, that he may benefit his suffering fellow creatures;—it leads the miser to gloat over his treasure, and thus satisfy the avaricious feelings of his mind;—like a guiding star, the mariner descries it in the vigils of the midnight watch, and through scenes of danger and death never hesitates to follow its direction;—and while it drives the warrior to frenzy, and often by the gleaming watchfire, acting on his inflamed imagination prompts him to revel in scenes of slaughter and rapine;—to the hope of the faithful, it discloses through the dim vistas of futurity, and endless source of happiness, beyond the tomb, unveiled by care or sorrow.

The predisposing cause of happiness is not in the objects which surround us, but in the human mind, it is that, which colors, with the bright beams of hope, the pencillings of the imagination, and impels us to follow that course through life, which

will best satisfy, the cravings of our mental constitution; whether it be in dreams of domestic felicity, and a quiet home, shared with those on whom our earthly affections are placed; or whether we desire to roam through foreign climes, surrounded by scenes of peril and danger.

When we investigate the different gradations of happiness in the human race, we find in every class a law of compensation, by which those who are deprived of our source of happiness, are compensated for this loss, by the possession of another.

All have some measure of happiness; even the bold burglar and the sneaking thief, the smooth-faced hypocrite and daring outlaw manifest an undefined feeling of self-gratification at the success of their unhallowed schemes of evil.

Those who like the inhabitants of the frigid zone pass great part of life, in a state of ignorance and inactivity, though they have not the more refined pleasures, are shielded, by their obtuse perceptions from the evils and mortifications attendant on a more active state of existence.

Those who on the contrary, possess a higher mental organization, capable of comprehending and enjoying the more elevated scenes of Nature, are more sensitive to the attacks of those evils which render man unhappy.

It often becomes a positive source of gratification to the gloomy misanthropist and the suicide, to brood on gloomy thoughts; the prospect of death; &c. for by so doing they indulge the prominent feelings of their minds.

The gloomy ascetic and the Fakirs of India find a pleasure in subjecting themselves to penance and corporal sufferings; often for years, till death releases them from their suffering.

The poor oppressed negro finds in the most trivial circumstance an incentive to mirth, and even when venting a soliloquy of grief, arranges his words to some simple melody.

Thus, we find happiness is the pursuit of man, and we know of no race, however degraded, who have not their minds so constituted as to enjoy themselves in that position in which they are placed.

In this we see the goodness of Deity, who wishes not that the meanest creature should be miserable, but, that all should enjoy themselves in their respective position in the world.

But still there are gradations of happiness among mankind, thus, the pleasure attending the gratification of the moral faculties far exceeds that attending the gratification of the passions, and those, which produce the greatest pleasure are the ones most requisite for the happiness of man in the social state.

The pleasure, the benevolent feel, after performing a charitable action is one of the most elevated in nature, for it is in obedience to that law, which stands prominent, in the divine laws by which the universe is governed: and those who have the greatest share of happiness, are those who possess the faculty of making others happy around them.

Hudson, October, 1846.

BEAUTY IN A WIFE.—A young man married a wife, whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him, at the end of one of their quarrels, "You don't love me—you cannot look me in the face, and say that you love me." "You mistake, my dear," he cried—"for its only when I look you in the face that I can say I love you."

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

LONDON.

No. 6.

The Gallery of Antiquities—remarks—Greek and Roman Antiquities—British Antiquities—Greek and Roman Sculptures—Roman Sepulchral Antiquities—Phigalian Saloon—Ancient Bas-reliefs—Egyptian Saloon—the Rosetta Stone—Monuments in the temple of Carnak—Tablet of Abydos—Egyptian Room.

The most valuable part of the collections in the British Museum, is the gallery of Antiquities, there we see in groups, monuments and statues of the most powerful and learned nations of the ancient world. As long as one stone remains upon another to record the triumphs of art, so long will Rome and Greece be remembered. Their warriors, statesman and heroes, were only equalled by those, who erected monuments to their fame; monuments and statues which have challenged admiration ever since, and served as models and master-pieces to artists of all ages and nations.

The gallery of Antiquities is at present in an unfinished state and consequently only part of the rooms are open to the public.

The fourth and sixth rooms contain Greek and Roman sculptures of the ancient Gods and Heroes.

The seventh room contains British Antiquities, for instance a stone Sarcophagus, found at Southfleet, 1801, within the site of an old building. In it were found two glass vessels, each containing burnt bones and much liquid, between them two pair of shoes of purple leather, embroidered with gold.

A pig of Lead with the name of the Emperor Domitian, inscribed on it, which weighs 154 lbs.

A pig of Lead with the name of the Emperor Hadrian, inscribed on it, which weighs 191 lbs.

There is also a large stone vessel, in the form of half an Octagon on each of four sides are sculptured a bust in high relief, viz. Venus holding a mirror, Jupiter, Mercury holding a Caduceus and Mars with a spear. It was first noticed by Horsley, "lying neglected in the mill at Chesterford, Essex." It was afterwards procured by Dr. Foote Gown, from a blacksmith who had used it as a cistern to cool his irons.

There are Antiquities from Persepolis, Babylon and Nineveh in the ninth room. In the tenth are miscellaneous Antiquities in bronze.

In the eleventh and twelfth rooms are Greek and Roman sculptures.

In the Grand Central Saloon is a fine statue of Venus, preparing for the bath; presented by the late king, William IV. There is a bas-relief representing the dedication of Homer. The father of Poetry is seated on a throne at the foot of Mount Parnassus, the residence of the Muses. Before the poet is a group of figures offering up sacrifices to him. Above are Apollo and the nine Muses; and on the summit of the mountain is Jupiter, who appears to be giving his sanction to the divine honors which are paid to Homer. This highly interesting bas-relief was found about the middle of the 17th century, at Frattochi, the ancient Boville, on the Appian road, ten miles from Rome. It was for many years in the Colonna palace at Rome, and was purchased for the British Museum in the year 1819 at the expense of £1000, sterling.

The Ante room contains numerous Roman Sepulchral Antiquities, among which is a sepulchral vase in Alabaster, with an inscription to Flavia Valentina. This urn still contains the ashes of the

deceased, with which, when first discovered were mingled seven coins of emperors from Antoninus Pius to Elagabalus inclusive; it was found in 1772, about two miles from the Latern Gate of Rome, near the Via Lateria.

In the Phigalian saloon are the bas-reliefs representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ and the combat between the Greeks and Amazons; they were found in the ruins of the temple of Apollo Epicurius (or the deliverer) built in Mount Cotyion at a little distance from the ancient city of Phigalia in Arcadia. A circumstance which adds very much to the interest of these marbles, is our knowledge of the precise time when they were executed, for Pausanias, in his description of this temple, informed us that it was built by Ictinus, an architect cotemporary with Pericles and who built the Parthenon at Athens.

The Elgin saloon containing about 400 specimens is not at present open to the public.

The Egyptian saloon contains the heaviest specimens of the Egyptian monuments and statuary; many of the articles deposited here were collected by the French in different parts of Egypt and came into the possession of the English army in consequence of the capitulation of Alexandria, in the month of September, 1801.

In this saloon is the famous Rosetta stone. This consists of a block of black basalt discovered in August, 1779, by Bouchard, a French officer of Engineers. In 1802 it was deposited in the British Museum. It contains three inscriptions of the same import, viz. one in hieroglyphics, another in the ancient vernacular language of Egypt, and another in the Greek language. These inscriptions record the services which Ptolemy the Fifth, had rendered his country, and were engraved by order of the High Priests, when they were assembled at Memphis, for the purpose of investing him with the royal prerogative.

The possibility that this stone might furnish a key to the inscriptions on the monuments was immediately perceived, and casts and copies of it were greatly multiplied.

All the learning of Europe was immediately brought to bear upon them, and that portion which is traced in Greek characters was soon unravelled. The words Ptolemy and Cleopatra were first recognized by means of the Greek inscription and by applying the characters which formed these to other names on the monuments, the value of most of the phonetic characters in the enchorial text was determined.

Among the many relics of the Egyptian kings is a monument found in the palace at Carnak, with figures of Thothmes III. Month-rah and Athor.

According to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Thothmes III. reigned 10 years 1505—1495, B. C. He erected the temple of Semne, in Nubia and two spea or rock-excavated chapels, at Ibrim near Aboosimbel. The edifice at El Assapif was also constructed by him and the commencement of the palace of Carnak, comprising more than a third part of the edifice—that portion called the granite sanctuary, before which stand the two great oberisks of his sister and father; another edifice to the northeast of Carnak remains of him, and the oberlisk now before the church of St. Giovanni del Laterano at Rome, one at Alexandria and another in the Al-meidan or Hippodrome of Constantinople are memorials of his reign.

There is in this room the Tablet of Abydos con-

taining the succession of the Egyptian Monarchs.

This is a series of cartouches inclosing the hieroglyphical titles and names of many of the ancient kings, according to the order of their reign. It was engraved on the wall of one of the vestibules of the temple, which had been excavated in the mountain on the north of the city of Abydos.

It is the work of Rameses III. (the great Sesostris) and contains his name with the inaugural titles of his brother and sixteen of his predecessors to the throne of Egypt. The complete names of all these occur on other monuments and by arranging them together in the order of the Tablet of Abydos, they agree admirably with those of the predecessors of Rameses III. given in the lists of Manetho. It also contains the names of still earlier monarchs, concerning whom important facts have been recently discovered. The light thrown not only upon Egyptian but upon all ancient history, by this monument, will at once be appreciated by the reader.

The Tablet of Abydos was first discovered by Mr. J. W. Banks, in 1818. There are about 200 other specimens in this room.

The Egyptian Room contains a miscellaneous collection of Antiquities, as household furniture, articles of dress, small statues, deities, mummies, &c. contained in glass cases.

In this room we have a collection of objects more than 3000 years old; and some of them apparently in as good a state of preservation as though they were in use but yesterday.

Where is this mighty people, who by their knowledge and skill have left their remains as unperishable as their name, a name renowned through all ages of the world, both in Sacred Writ and Profane History? They have long passed away, their large cities and temples are desolate, while spoilers from all nations congregate to plunder their tombs and sacred places. How true is the language of Divine Inspiration! "I will makethe land waste and all that is therein, by the hand of strangers; I the Lord have spoken it." J. C.

London, Eng. August, 1846.

MISCELLANY.

SARCASTIC SENTENCE.

OLD Elias Keys, formerly first Judge of Windsor county Vt. was a strange composition of folly and good sense, of natural shrewdness and want of cultivation. The following sentence upon a poor ragged fellow for stealing a pair of boots from Gen. Curtis, a man of considerable wealth in the town of Windsor illustrates this:

"Well," said the judge, very gravely, before pronouncing sentence of court, undertaking to read the young villain a lecture, "you are a fine fellow to be arraigned before court for stealing. They say you are poor—no one doubts it who looks at you, and how dare you, being poor, have the impudence to steal a pair of boots? Nobody *but rich* people have a right to take such things without paying!—then they say your worthless—that is evident from the fact that no one has ever asked justice to be done you; all, by unanimous consent, pronounced you guilty before you were tried. Now you, being *so worthless*, was a fool to steal, because you might know you would be condemned. And you must know it was a great aggravation to your offence that you have stolen them in the large town of *Windsor*! In that town to commit such an act is most horrible! And not only go into Windsor to steal,

but you must steal from that great man, General Curtis! This caps the climax of iniquity. Base wretch! why did you not go and steal the only pair of boots which, some poor man had, or could get, and then you would have been let alone; nobody would have troubled themselves about the act! For your iniquity in stealing in the great town of Windsor, and from the great General Custis, the court sentences you to three months imprisonment in the county jail, and may God give you something to eat

AN ANECDOTE OF WAR.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

I HAVE somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol, but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil and the women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and the boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons; "the harlequins of the 19th century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends it lies before you." "But is there nobody to fight?" "No, we are all christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed.—"If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he, "it is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely enconcealed in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned."

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

BY DOW JUNIOR.

"My friend—at twenty we are wild, wild as partridges. There is no such thing as taming us; we ride that fierce, fiery, and headstrong animal Passion, over fences, ditches, hedges, and on to the devil—leap the five barred gate of reason, without touching the curb of discretion, or pulling harder than a titmouse upon the strong rein of judgment. O, at twenty you are perfect locomotives, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour; your heart is the boiler—love is the steam, which you sometimes blow off in sighs—and hope, fear, anxiety, and jealousy are the trains that you drag. At this season of life, you are filled with the exhilarating gas of romance; everything to you looks romantic, by spells—even a jack-ass philosophizing over a barrel of vinegar. You (both girls and boys,) now read novels till your giz-

zards have softened in a sentimental jelly, and settled into the pit of your stomach. O, I know how you feel!—you feel as though you would like to soar from star to star! kick little planets aside, take crazy comets by their blazing hair, and pull them into their right courses—sit upon the highest peak of a thunder cloud and dangle the red lightning between your thumb and fingers, as a watch-chain—then dive into the golden sunset sea, and sport with celestial syrens—speed on, pull the nose of the blackguard in the moon—ransack all creation—knock a few panes out of the windows of heaven—and then flutter down as gently as a breeze, and find the darling object of your heart mending stockings by moonlight? That is how you feel."

JUDICIAL DIGNITY.

THE following conversation is said to have passed between a certain old lady and a certain presiding judge in —. The learned functionary was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P. was called to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam."

"I had rather not' sir,"

"Zounds and brimstone, madam, take off your bonnet, I say."

"In public assemblies' sir, women generally cover their heads. Such, I am sure is the custom elsewhere, and, therefore, I will not take off my bonnet."

"Do you hear that, gentleman? She pretends to know more about these matters than the judge himself! Had you not better, madam, come and take a seat on the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you, for I really think there are old women enough there already."

WOMAN.

To a young man whose feelings are yet unblasted by a worldly experience, there is a charm even in the most unimpassioned intercourse with the other sex—woman! To him how vast a charm is comprised in the narrow compass of a word. In this single abstraction, unconnected it may be with any individual reality, are united all his purest dreams of happiness, all his brightest conceptions of imaginary beauty—with it no thought of grossness or sensuality comes to contaminate his fancy or heart. This is at once the portion and the penalty of gray-haired debauchery, the wormwood which mingles in the cup of pleasure, changing the sparkling contents of the goblet to bitterness and poison.

THE LEAF TURNS.

LIFE is a book, the leaves of which are ever turning by the wind of fate. For none of us remain the same page constantly laid open. The leaf turns, and we read a new page—another, and another—and thus to the last consoling and joyous truth! the acceptance of which explains the enigma of "Never despair!" Thou wepest now, see the leaf turns, and thou smilest. Thou sufferest, the leaf turns and thou art gladdened. Thou who are happy now, even thou shalt see thy leaf of happiness turn to show thee that of sorrow.—But be not spiritless! Hast thou not heard the storm arise and again become calm? Hast not seen the thunder clouds drawn up on a summer heaven and again dispersed? See the leaf turns—thou hast thy joy, thy bright skies again.

And should the wind even for some time remain quiet, subjecting thee to dwell long, perhaps, on a

melancholy episode, then never despair! Eternal quiet is not found this side of heaven. Patience only! Hear the winds play again—the leaf turns, and with swelling sails thou art borne upon the dancing billows. And after having read through many, many leaves—after having in turn suffered and enjoyed, wept and smiled—when thou art weary of these ever changing scene, when thy feeble eye listless rests upon pale writing before you, then once more turns the leaf, and thou dost rest!

A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN.

In the town of H—, some years ago, (says the Nashua Telegraph,) people used to be in habit of taking hogs to fat "at halves." That is a person who had a shoat, to save the trouble and expense of fattening, would let him out to some one better situated for the business for which he received, when fattened, one half of the pork—Mr. B—resorted to this very common method of filling his pork barrel, letting out his hog to fatten to one of the neighbors. The next day the neighbor came back with half a shoat nicely dressed.

"How is this?" said B—.

"O! he is as fat as I want him," was the reply to his enquiry.

SHORT sentences do more good than long speeches—we remember the one, while we can scarcely find time to read the other. One is like a guide post, distinctly pointing out the way; the other, like a general map, in which we are puzzled, after a long search, to find where we are. Neither Solomon nor Solon, Napoleon nor Franklin, were famous for long speeches; nor was it a long speech that made Belshazzar quake, or Felix tremble.

THE AFFLICTED.—To delicate minds the unfortunate are always objects of respect; as the ancients held sacred those places which had been blasted by lightning, so the feeling heart considers the afflicted as touched by the hand of God himself.

AN APT REPLY.—"Husband, I don't know where that boy gets his bad temper—not from me, I'm sure." "No, my dear, for I don't perceive that you have lost any."

LOVE.—An intoxication of the senses, a drunkenness of the spirit, a mental blindness to the faults of the beloved, and a moral dizziness that often causes a grievous fall.

"FATHER," said an urchin in Boston of seven summer and eight winters, "let's go up to the nine-pin-alley and roll." "Roll, boy! what do you know about rolling?"—"Me know about it? Why I can roll your old eyes out in ten minutes!"

TINDER.—A thin rag—such for instance as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.

CHALLENGE.—Calling upon a man who has hurt your feelings to give you satisfaction—by shooting you through the body.

SCANDAL.—What one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

AUTUMN.

THOUGH each changing season of the year is fraught with instruction to man, yet autumn reminds us more forcibly of the shortness of life, and the certainty of death. The falling leaf, the blighted flower, and the withered herbage, alike admonish us that we are mortal; that like them we too shall fade away; and the hollow winds that sing the requiem of their departed glory, are but emblems of the notes of sorrow which burst spontaneously from bereaved affection.—Such thoughts rose solemnly to mind on hearing the decease of our much lamented friend and patron, Mr. John McKinstry of Greenport, whose strict integrity and sterling worth, endeared him to an extensive circle of acquaintances; and whose sudden death a whole community deplore.—He was not only, "my father's friend, and mine," but the friend of the whole family of man. To him the needy never looked in vain; his sympathising heart and generous hand were opened at their call; and though his sun is set to rise no more until the resurrection of the just; faith looks beyond the tomb, to that eventful morn, when he shall receive the reward of a well spent life, in "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE cannot furnish any of the first 13 numbers of Volume 22d, as we are in want of them ourselves, and will allow 50 cents for them; or, 6 cents each, for Nos. 4, 7 and 9; and 3 cents each, for Nos. 2, 5, 10 and 11. We can supply any from No. 14 to the end of the Volume.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. F. A. Beloit, Wis. Ter. \$3.00; S. P. Allen Hill, N. Y. \$3.00; C. D. H. South Dover, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. P. New Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss A. E. G. Fine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. La Fox, Ill. \$1.00; E. H. B. LeRoy, N. Y. \$6.00; S. S. W. Haydensville, Ms. \$3.00; S. B. Ashfield, Ms. \$6.00; S. L. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$7.50; A. H. Truxton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Reed's Corners, N. Y. \$5.75; T. D. Salisbury, Ct. \$1.00; T. W. Columbiaville, N. Y. \$4.00; H. M. Black Brook, N. Y. \$5.00; J. P. Catskill, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$2.00; L. P. Plymouth, Ind. \$1.00; J. G. C. South Egremont, Ms. \$0.75; T. H. Granville, N. Y. \$10.00; R. A. S. Plainfield, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. A. Hagerman's Mills, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. B. Moriah, N. Y. \$7.00; W. C. Ohio, N. Y. \$3.00; O. L. C. N. North Harpersfield, N. Y. \$3.00; Mrs. E. D. Pawlings, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. Bristol, N. Y. \$5.00; Mrs. L. R. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$6.00; J. G. C. South Egremont, Ms. \$0.75; L. D. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; R. H. B. Attlebury, N. Y. \$10.00; G. E. C. Cheshire, Ms. \$1.00; A. B. T. Marlboro' N. H. \$3.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thomas Barnbridge, Mr. Henry Thesleton, to Miss Margaret Hess, both of Mellenville.

At Tughrkanic, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Rufus Miller, to Miss Hannah Bashford, all of that place.

At Claverack, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Jacob Van Deusen, of Tughrkanic, to Miss Euclina Plass of Livingston.

In Churchtown, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Caleb Hobby, to Miss Catherine E. Beekman, both of Livingston.

In Claverack, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Hiram Rote, of Livingston, to Miss Sally Ann Parsons, of Claverack.

In Springville, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. John Campbell, Mr. Henry Fisk, to Miss Letitia Finner, both of Stockport.

In Kingston, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. James Hardenberg, of the city of New-York, Cornelius H. Miller, of this city, to Miss Mary T. Van Wageningen, of Kingston, daughter of the late Rev. James Van Wageningen.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 13th inst. Stephen G. son of Edward G. and Delia Clowe, and grandson of Mr. Stephen Waterman, aged 1 year and 5 months.

At Greenport, on the 7th inst. after a short illness, John McKinstry, aged 69 years.

At Providence, R. I. on the 29th ult. John M. Jenkins, in the 57th year of his age, formerly of this city.

In Stockport, on the 8th inst. Robert Kennedy, in the 66th year of his age.

At Hugobsonville, Dutchess Co. on the 27th ult. Shubael Genry, aged 60.

At Prophetstown, Illinois, on the 5th ult. Mrs. Sarah Sears, in the 61st year of her age, wife of the Rev. Reuben Sears, late of Ballston.

In Portland, Michigan, on the 4th inst. Philyer L. Loop, formerly of Alburgh, Vermont, in the 28th year of his age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

SLANDER.

Or deadlier might than the Upas tree—
Is the foul and slandering tongue;
A poison more fatal there never can be,
Than dwelleth its words among.
To blight the fame of the pure and just,
Its province hath ever been;
Betraying the tender, confiding trust—
Wherever its step is seen.

'Tis a spirit that comes from the depths of hell,
From the regions of dark despair;
And alas for the heart wherein it shall dwell,
For dark are the thoughts that there
Are fostered and nurtured with wicked intent,
And cruelly issuing forth—
Their power on the heart of the upright is bent,
Despoiling its honest worth.

Its power is felt in all stations of life,
Among the lofty and low—
Love it shall change into hatred and strife,
And the character fair must bow,
Wherever its mighty and withering tread
In its sure dark purpose shall go—
And from that heart is all rectitude fled,
That its presence shall ever know.

Alas! when its stealthy whisper is heard—
In its harsh and unmerciful tones,
For the poisoning dart of opprobrious words,
Is aimed at the good alone.

For the good the reproaches and scorn of the bad,
Bear away through life to the tomb,
But "we be to them," the Almighty hath said,
"By whom these offences shall come!"

O wo be to those who shall ever subserve
To their passion so awful and wild,
Whose actions from honor or virtue shall swerve,
By the spirits of darkness beguiled.
For the God of the Just shall come down in his wrath,
Avenging the wronged, shall he come,
And they, from whose hearts hath proceeded the scath,
Shall go down to their unending doom. ***

Mt. Carmel, Ct. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

On the death of two young men, who were intimate friends,
who died in one month, and were buried side by side.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

BRIGHT are the flowers that soonest fade,
In loveliness array'd;
Plucked early from the perfumed glade,
E're time his blighting hand had laid,
Or age had cast its withering shade,
Or half their sweets decay'd.

Friendship, would twine a laurelled wreath,
Around their lonely tomb;
Would gather roses from the heath,
And steep them in affection's breath,
And when the lovely sleep in death,
Immortal bid them bloom.—

"Life's sweetest pleasures soon will end,"
Young — meekly said,
"Soon, will the evening shadows blend,
Soon, I from earth my flight must wend,
Then, lay me by my early friend."
He closed his eyes and died.

Gather around their lonely bed,
Where peacefully they rest;
Gather around with noiseless tread,
The cold turf altar of the dead,
Where death his sable pall has spread,
O'er friendship's faithful breast.

When the pale moon throws her cold beams,
Over the lonely spot;
Gather round those, whose early dreams,
Were bright as winter's chrystal streams,
When star-light on their bosom gleams,
And mourn that they are not.

Parents, who gazed with glowing pride
Upon their fav'rite sons,
The Orphan boy, the mourning bride,
Brothers and sisters, fond and tried,
Gather around, and side by side,
Mourn for the lovely ones.

Whose brows were white as mountain snow,
Unsullied and as pure;
Whose lives were one harmonious flow,
Of pleasant memories here below,
Nor all the baits that earth could throw,
Had power to allure.

From virtue's path they never stray'd
Truth, was their sword and shield,
So strict their lives, that undismay'd,
They met the Tyrant, tho' array'd
In gloom and darkness—grace repaid—
Their debt—and heaven revealed.

In love they lived, in death they met,
Peace, to their dear remains.
At noon, their sun unclouded set—
And o'er the broad horizon—yet
Lights, like a gilded coronet,
The city of the Plains.*

Around the tomb where now they lie,
Silence, its curtain throws.
"The storms that wreck the earth and sky"
Pass o'er their forms, unheeded by;
Not even Love's impassioned sigh,
Can break their sweet repose.

* Hempstead, L. I.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

MOONLIGHT.

WHEN the fair moon is shining
So sweetly above,
And her pencil outlining
The landscape we love;
When her bright eye is glancing
The streamlet along,
And the Fairy Queen dancing,
Her beamlets among.

When she rises so lightly,
The cheeks of the rill,
And sparkles so brightly
O'er valley and hill;
When her dear smile embraces,
The bark on the sea,
Gilding earth's darkest places
With beauty and glee.

When the blue silent Heaven,
Is lit with her smiles,
And weeping the even
With dew-drops the while;
When she tinges the blossom,
That gracefully bends
O'er the now tranquil bosom
Of long buried friends,

When her splendor inherits
The ruins we tread,
And calls up the spirits
Of those who are dead;
'Tis then the sweet treasures
Of thought are unseal'd,
And Earth's grosser pleasures
To holiness yield.

'Tis then that dear fancies
Chase gloom from the mind,
And the sweet muse advances,
With breathings refined;
While inward emotions,
Of undefined power,
Mingle with our devotions,
To hallow the hour.

September, 1846.

CORYDON.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PEASANT LOVER'S SONG.

COME to me dearest come,
Fly to my bower,
Here in my mountain home,
Many an hour
I've sat in the forest's shade,
'Nenth the green tree,
Where the sweet streamlet strayed,
Waiting for thee.

I've built thee a cottage love,
Far, far away,
Where the sweet thrush and dove
Spend the long day,
Where the brook dances free
Nenth the oak's bough,
Dearest I wait for thee.
Haste to me now.

I've twined the sweet Jassamine
Over my cots
And the green ivy is entwined
Round the loved spot,—
And the fairest of summer's flowers,
Wait here for thee,
In the the sweetest of nature's bowers,
Haste then to me.

Together oft hand in hand
Dearest we'll roam,
O'er our own happy land,
Near our sweet home,
Plucking the flowers so gay,
Growing for thee;
Dearest love, come away,
Hasten to me.

Then come to me dearest
And all shall be thine
Save thyself, thou art nearest
My heart and art mine.
Together in this sweet shade,
We will reside,
And thou dearest Adelaide
Shalt be my bride.

J. S. W.

Whitinsville, Mass. 1846.

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